Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ.Ford. There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Bir-ding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ.Ford. Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſ.Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford* has a gowne aboue.

Miſ.Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler' too. run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſ.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſ.

Miſ.Ford. Wee'l try that
ry the basketagaine, to meet
they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but he
dreſſe him like the witch of

Miſt.Ford. Ile firſt dire
doe with the basket: Goe
ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him di
We cannot miſuſe enough
We'll leaue a proofe by that
Wiues may be merry, and ye
We do not acte that often, ie
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take
ſhoulders: your Maſter is ha
it downe, obey him; quickly

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be n

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lie

Ford. I, but if it proue true
way then to vnfoole mee a
villaine: ſome body call
Oh you Panderly Raſcals,
a conſpiracie againſt mee.
What wife I ſay: Come, co
neſt cloathes you ſend forth

Page. Why, this paſſes M
looſe any longer, you muſt b

Euans. Why, this is Luna
dogge.

Shal. Indeed Maſter *Ford*

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, co
Ford, the honeſt woman, the
ture that hath the iealous fo
without cauſe (Miſtris) do

H

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG